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MEMORIAL ADDRESS

BY

WILLIAM H. THOMAS

Delivered at Montgomery, Ala,, April 26th, 1902, by
Invitation of Ladies' Memorial Association

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

1902

Compliments of

William H. Thomas,

Montgomery, Ala.

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["They do not die who in their deeds survive, enshrined forever in the hearts of men."—Confederate Monument, 1868.]

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ORATION.

The Orator of the day, was fittingly introduced by Hon. Wm. L. Martin the Chairman, and said:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies of the Memorial Association, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is with no ordinary pride, though with misgivings, that I come before this assemblage to cast another pebble at the base of memory's monumental shaft.

Presumptuous, it may seem, for one not having anxiously watched that war-cloud slowly gathering, wrapping in obscurity the political horizon of the North, to attempt a full expression of the sentiment of him who stood by principle in Death's dark hour, or hope to gain the attentive ear of those who, though tearfully, contributed the heart's choicest blessings to that cause.

Standing here in the "Cradle of the Confereracy," where for many years the patriotic and eloquent of our State have extolled the virtue and pictured the hardship of the Confederate soldier, I cannot expect to advance anything new, or speak of him and his cause more tenderly. And it is with reverent love, I shall repeat again the story that is told; not that you who knew and loved the dead soldier may know him better and love him in memory more dearly, but that the youth and young manhood, the maiden and young womanhood personally knowing him not, may remember the principles for which he left his home, his kindred and loved ones, to fight and bleed and die. I shall be happy, indeed, if anything I may say should cause one boy or girl to study the South's cause in the light of true history, that they may view the Confederate soldier as he was.

SOUTH OF 1860.

Now gaze with me through memories retrospect, at the panorama of the South of 1860. Behold a land spread out before you, her fields waving with the green corn of spring, making gladsome music to the rustle of the winds; with fields rolling as the seas, its spheres of golden grain bowing at the approach of the gentle zephyrs; with fields clothed in a whiteness like that which greeted the famished gaze of the Israelish host when the Oriental wilderness was transformed into an Eden by sweet manna from Heaven. Yes, behold the South, decked as the Cereal Goddess, wreathed in smiles of peace and prosperity and singing the joyous psalms of local self-government.

We were blessed with the wealth of a nation and a genial clime, and our people were fast entering the front ranks of mystical science, and elevating literature, art miraculous and genius divine.

For half a century previous, our political horizon had continued to grow clearer with a brighter light 'till no cloud remained; now its beauty was marred by clouds of Northern discontent which, being collected, grew black as death and not less fearfully ominous.

THE STORM MUST COME.

But the storm must come; and in 1861 the "electric spark leaped athwart our Southern skies," and ere long the reverberation of our Civil War was echoed around the world. Fort Sumter signals the onset—belching direful thunder, armed with winged lightning invokes all Christendom to witness a contest surpassed only by that of the overthrow of Milton's warring Angels. Never before had the historian chronicled such a cruel and relentless strife in which the son was turned against the father, and brother against the brother. The poet's harp was never tuned to sound so grand an epic; nor "clansmen met upon the field a foe more worthy of his steel." Many a gallant Southern son attempting to withstand the onset of an enemy "thick as autumnal leaves," poured out life in battle. Ask the winds that sigh and mourn continually through the graceful branches of Seven Pines or Fair Oaks, if not every hero that lay down beneath that shade to die, had not proved himself worthy the fervent prayers breathed for him in distant home. The many deeds of noble daring of those following the mighty Forrest, charging with the fearless

Stewart or led on to victory by the powerful Fitzhugh Lee, needs not, as the charge of the Light Brigade, a Tennyson to set in poetic or historic fame. Yes, there was

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volley'y and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell
Boldly they rode, and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell.
* * * * * * *
When can their glory fade? for
All the world wondered
And honored the fight they made,"

Honored the chivalric spirit with which our 800,000 met the 2,858,000 of the foe on many a bloody field.

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER OF HISTORY.

The heroic figure of the Confederate soldier, as presented to the world by the dispassionate historian, can but gain the admiration of his enemies. There may be those who differed from his politically, those who from self-interest or prejudice would deny him the laurel he hath so dearly won because thinking for himself, he opposed encroachment upon the constitutional guarantee of Local Self Government. "Yet even those doubting his cause can never doubt him." Too well do they remember how, like a rushing torrent, he swept before him their mighty army from off the plains of Manassas, and spread consternation throughout their capitol. Too well do they remember with what results they met at Winchester, Cross Keys, and Port Republic; and how that indomitable military genius, Stonewall Jackson, falling upon and taking 11,000 prisoners at Harper's Ferry, crossed the Potomac into Maryland. Nor will they soon forget the few who drove back the many of the foe at Fredericksburg and at Sharpsburg, who won glorious victories at Kernstown and Monocacy, "grappled with death in the Wilderness," and defeated "the finest army on the planet" at Chancellorsville. Nay, more, with admiration do they remember, as with the impetus of a might hurricane, the boys in Gray a second time defeated and whirled into a disorderly retreat their well equipped and well drilled armies, adding new glories to the chaplet of laurel stripped from the historic fields of Manasas. Nor do they forget the many significant death-pauses when the muster roll was called

after their "careless assaults at Spottsylvania," or success in Pennsylvania, at Cold Harbor or New Market, along the rippling Rapidan, or on Mayre's Stony Heights, at Pittsburgh, or after the awful slaughter at Petersburg, many a brave soldier in Blue answered not, his going to pitch his tent "on Fame's eternal camping ground," was a sad but immortal monument of glory to the valor of the Southern soldier.

FOUR YEARS AGAINST FEARFUL ODDS.

Four awful years did he fight against fearful odds, not only defending his home, but invaded the enemy's territory and mingled blood with the north branches of the Potomac. For four years, almost without a navy, did her so-called "pirate boats" walk the blue waves as a thing of life, wrapping many a graceful merchantman fresh from the pine and spruce forests of the North in fiery winding sheets, sending a paralytic stroke to the heart of Northern commerce. The story of his bravery, on five hundred stormy fields, will ever be told by the mute eloquence of every graveyard from Oak Hill to the Rio Grande. And every brook and stream or rolling hill or lofty mountain peak, shall each to posterity transmit the name of some soldier boy nourished there, who, when his country called, angled no more the silvered trout, or chased the timid hare, nor leaped again in childish sport from rock to cliff, but went forth, as he understood, to protect a nation's honor by preventing the infringement of solemn agreements it had sworn to hold inviolate; to defend the Constitution, and to strike the serpent of centralization that he feared would draw its coils more tightly around the nation, crushing individual industry and political rights.

GLORIOUS MEMORIES.

There is that within each manly breast causing him to write on memory's tablets in loving characters, the deeds of noble defenses for the principles and customs of his home. The man lacking this is not the man he should be. The Irishman would be less Irish were his Celtic lay to give place to the English melody, nor will the child of the Alps cease loving to hear the dreadful roar as "from peak to peak leaps the live thunder." But it is natural. Rather ask the nomadic Arab to leave the protecting shade of his loved palm tree, to pitch his tent in the mist and fog of the bleak Siberian marshes and shed not a tear, than that a true-hearted Southerner ceases to hear the sublime but truly awful roll of Fort

Donelson's bombardment; or soon forget the hard-fought but glorious battle of Bull Run, where many a true and gallant boy from the land of sunshine and of snow, lay down to sleep together. What a fratricidal scene! Born of the same parents; children of the same household; alike indomitable; and died by each other's hand. Oh, brothers at the North! joint with us today in "gracing their memory with an elegy of words and tears."

Shall memory soon be overcome in Oblivion's slow and silent stream, losing in sweet forgetfulness the sublime lessons of duty, equally exemplified in the trenches at Vicksburg, at Corinth, where the Rappahannock's crimson waters roll, or on the twin hills of Gettysburg. Shall the Southern heart cease to beat in harmonious accord with the spirit that urged on their hary few "through the mazes of a superior generalship" in the Virginia Campaigns, or signalling the bravery of fame's eternal Chickamauga? Will that mother ever forget the darling blue-eyed boy, with curly locks and brow so fair, with maiden gentleness, who at martial duty's call was transformed into a type of manly beauty and went forth a peace-offering for his country? Will not the fair young wife, now grown gray with the sorrows of widowhood and the cares of orphanage, make a yearly pilgrimage to this shrine, laden with the trophies of springtime, to place tokens of remembrance on the soldier's grave? Shall we ever cease reading with effect the inscriptions on the ten thousand little doors of eternity, opening on every hillside and dale, from the mighty Mississippi to the valley of the Shenandoah, or shut our ears to the historic lessons taught by those who "tongues are now stringless instruments," and who will

"Speak to the ages with
A golden drift thro' all the song."

SHILOH CHURCH.

There are many never-to-be-forgotten scenes in the brilliant but bloody panorama of our historic Rembrandt. I would have you look as I draw the curtain. Behold a little log house on an elevated plateau, embowered by tall oaks and shut in by thick brush wood—without doors or windows—as open as the hearts of the good Christians who come yearly to worship in this rustic sanctuary. This is Shiloh Church. It is the Sabbath Day, fresh with the breath of springtime—"the sweet rich voice of the morning songster filled the air with melody"—all is lovely and Godlike. But hark! The onslaught is terri-

ble, avalanche-like two contending armies rush to battle, the roar of cannon, the peal of musketry, the wounded charger, rushing madly without the master's guiding hand, the groan of the dying, the thick sulphurous smoke, the din and clangor of war has hushed the little songster and changed the Sabbath's quiet into a revelry of Pandemonium. Fire and smoke, storm of rage, death and the dying, confusion worse confounded before on earth was never. Albert Sydney Johnston falls, Beauregard presses on more vehemently against a like vehement foe, till nature drew the veil of night over her fair countenance, that the cooling dews of Heaven may quench the torrent fires of men's minds inflamed, or the gentle zephyrs before the morning's dawn may tense and attune the heart-strings of humanity. But night only gave preparation for a more deadly warfare, which raged continually and more fiercely throughout this second day, until Nature again closing her eyes on the agonizing scene, shed copious tears which fell like a soothing potion to the dying soldier. And remembering the departed heroes of the battle of Shiloh, what wonder that we bathe memory in liquid Love.

DESTINY DECREES DEFEAT.

But the God of Battle seemed to have ordained otherwise than that the sons of the Confederacy be crowned with success. And if his soul-stirring shouts of victory were echoed along the slopes of the Cumberland mountains, or up the sides of the joyous Kennesaw, yet the ominous dirge of slowly retreating armies was heard after the conflict at Shiloh, at Nashville and Bowling Green, Kentucky.

Defeat was the test-tube in which the nobility of his character was tried. As the smelting furnace tests the purity of metals, so was the Confederate soldier sorely tried by a great disparity of numbers, and a greater desparity in arms and munitions of war; by grim, gaunt and ghastly hunger, that dimmed the lustre of the eye and paled the rosy cheek of health, by the snows powdering their uncovered heads, and the raging winds chilling and fevering their ill-clad bodies. Away from home and prayerful mother; away from loving wife and children needful of paternal care and protection; away as a valunteer fighting for home and country, and not as a hireling, hazarding his life for the paltry wages. "His many long forced marches in cold and heat and storm, his bravery in the danger of battle, his fortitude in bearing his aches and pains and agony of wounds, his hopefullness in disaster and defeat, his fidelity to principle and trust in God,' has written his name in

the archives of the re-united nation as a beloved son in whom she is well pleased. Now the brother from the North, understanding the principles and motives that instigated the South to action, is glad to grasp her sons by the hand "as worthy the name of an American and a brother."

THE CONFEDERATE SAILOR.

Confederate sailors must also be remembered as an important character of this great drama. Many of our bold and daring sailors went down to rest in the dark ocean, rocked by its rolling billows upon beds of coral and pearl, with only the sea to keep their graves green. Without a grave, uncoffined, unknelled and resting place unknown, yet we will hold them in memory more sacred for their loneliness, and with Jackson, the Johnsons and with Lee, we will ever associate the gallant Jones, Waddell and Raphael Semmes.

MR. DAVIS.

The world has always done honor to the hero. And where the "surging billows dash the white sands at Beauvoir," there lived an aged and careworn man to whom the impartial historian will accord a place with the great and wise of earth. For many years he trod alone the "paths of our defeat," his motives misunderstood by those who did not lend an understanding ear; patiently bearing the taunts and jeers heaped upon us by those who would clothe our defeat in dishonor. Yet his pure and spotless character is vindicated in the purity of his long life; in his patience, forbearance and charity for the lack of charity in others; in the ease, the grace, and native dignity with which he "bowed his neck to receive and wear the yoke of disfranchisement placed thereon by the hands of the uncharitable." God seemed to have spared him as a modern type of the patient Job. And when, a few years before his death, this aged chieftain made a pilgrimage through the South to his ancient capitol, all along the route at every wayside and station came flocking crowds to do him the honor of their presence. The young, the old, the rich and poor, the pauper and peasant were there. Silvered age and blooming youth, budding manhood and womanhood, all joined in a surging crowd, striving to get one fleeting glance, or catch a single word falling from the lips of the grand old man. The aged, the crippled, the blind and empty sleeved veterans came also, and fired by the encouraging presence of their chieftain, greeted him with swelling voices, rising heavenward in such a Confederate yell as was heard on a hundred battlefields. And we will ever transmit

with tender and loving care to posterity the name of Jefferson Davis as a patrimony to preserve.

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

Many pen-portraits may be drawn that would be appreciated by a Southern heart. I could speak of a life, in the language of Montesque, as a "hymn in praise of humanity."—I could point to his superior military genius, to the last sad scene at Appomatox, where he bore himself with a fearless mien, and a dignity becoming the surrender of the hopes of his people; could point to the sweet and hearty sympathy as he bade his army "an affectionate farewell;" at this faithful devotion to the duties of peace, and in this you would see a life that belongs not alone to the South, for the life of Robert E. Lee belongs to America, in the same sense that Nelson or Wellington is of England.

WHY THE SOUTH WITHDREW FROM THE UNION.

What, then, of the cause for which we fought? The South withdrew from the Union not with a spirit of rebellion, but because she believd her wishes had been disregarded, her rights and constitutional guarantees had been trampled under the heel of majorities; because it was thought that sectional legislation, by those having no similar interest with the people of the South, was fast driving wealth from her soft and genial clime, her generous and fruitful soil, to the regions north of the Potomac, "where sterility was being made to blossom as the rose." This it was that drove us from the house of our fathers, and going, we carried the love of law and order, wisdom, justice and moderation—the heritage of Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson.

OTHER VIEWS FROM DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS.

Certain it is, there were different views entertained from different standpoints. I trust it may not be out of place to let Nathaniel Hawthorne speak of the situation through a private letter from him to Mr. Bennoch, an English literati. This letter is especially interesting since at the time he lived in that section of the Union from whence the South has been most bitterly assailed. "We also have gone to war," he wrote, "and we seem to have little, or at least a very misty idea of what we are fighting for. It depends upon the speaker; and that, again, depends upon the section of the country in which his sympathies are enlisted. The Southern man will say, 'We

fight for States' rights, liberty and independence.' The Middle Western man will vow that he fights for the Union; while our Northern and Eastern man will swear that from the beginning his only idea was liberty to the blacks and the annihilation of slavery." To which Mr. Bennoch replies: "I cannot feel savage* * * with these Southerners. * * * I, and millions more,* * * being unable to find out from any speech or statement what the principle involved really is. * * * The President argues in favor of secession, and permits it, if he does not treacherously encourage it; the succeeding President ignores it, * * * being unable it. * * * Altogether your statesmen, at first, did not believe in war, but by considerable ingenuity excited the South to strike (see Lincoln's message), and then 'cry havoc and let slip,' etc." About the same time Mr. Henry Bright also writes Hawthorne, saying: "Here in England, among those who have known and loved America best, there is but one feeling,—of great sadness and regret. We do not know whose is the fault,—whose the crime,—but we do feel that we cannot endure this dreadful Civil War, and that any separation would be better. * * * The South must and will be independent of the Union,—as the Union would be independent of this country. * * * You cannot compel them to become sister States again. A fraternity brought about by the cry of 'Fraternity or Death' will not be very cordial. * * * My reason and consciousness are clear as to the wrong and uselessness of this most dreadful struggle."

But all this goes to confirm the saying that you cannot safely prophesy results and the effect on the destiny of men. Mr. Bright was mistaken as to the result. The South was not only brought back by the cry of "Fraternity or Death," but is a "sister State again" and the relation is "very cordial."

UNION OF STATES.

Harkening to the beseeching "come back" of the North, we are in the Union again, there to remain always. Evermore to cling to her in peace and war, prosperity and adversity, her joy will be our joys, her trials and misfortunes our sorrows. The gloom of despondency, which for a while prevented the rays of hope from cheering our beautiful Southland, has been dispelled; the tears are wiped from her weeping eyes, and now a loving smile plays upon her rosy cheek. Was there ever such a joyous change, wrought, and so magically? Aye! It seemed as if the Divine command, "Let there be light," was sent forth on earth again. For out of the darkness of war was

erected a magnificent governmental structure, founded on the heroic bones gathered from many glorious fields of battle; cemented with the blood of Maine and Texas, and the mingling of the widows and orphans' tears; and loyal hearts free from guile, making their obeisance before the throne of Infinite Justice begging for the common good of a united people.

And who would have it otherwise? No fair minded man but will not say it was all for the better as it terminated. Surely there must be a Divinity that shapes the destiny of nations as of men. For listen to the roar of the blast furnace and steel plants, the shriek of the steam engine, and the roll of the busy wheels of commerce as they swell the gladsome chorus of the New South's national praise.

THE 9TH OF APRIL.

Man has ever commemorated great achievement; but it is of success and public benefaction, and not for disaster and failure. The famous dramatic representation of the scenes of the Passion and Death of Christ, exhibited at regular periods by the simple villagers of Ober-Ammergau, in Bavaria, is a fulfillment of an ancient vow for their deliverance from the infliction of a plague When a glad world sings joyous psalms on Easter Day, the universal heart is full of the love of the risen Lord. And on the evening of the 9th of April I listened to the address of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, by which we consecrated in memory the failure of the Southern Cause, I could but know we were reunited. In the "Cradle of the Confederacy" was a Confederate audience, on the thirty-seventh anniversary of the failure of their cause, listening to the patriotic eloquence of an ex-Confederate General, in which he spoke no unkind word of the "Other Side," and with only unbounded hope and patriotism for the Union. The thought was there suggested that ere the circle of another thirty-seven years, need we be surprised to find, at the North, and at the South, a commemoration of the 9th of April as a day of celebration for the " :heroic men in Gray as well as the heroic men in Blue," who layed their hopes, their heroism, and their lives on that altar of Liberty—the American Union!

A UNITED CITIZENSHIP.

Looking to the "Other Side," we find the same conditions, shown in many ways. Of this, I will let President Roosevelt, (thankful for his privilege to have served under "a gallant old Confederate leader") eloquently speak:

"The wounds left by the Great Civil War," he says, "in-

comparably the greatest war of modern times, have healed; and its memories are now priceless heritages of honor alike to the North and the South. The devotion, the self-sacrifice, the steadfast resolution and lofty daring, the high devotion to the right as each man saw it—whether Northerner or Southerner—these qualties of the men and women of the early sixties now shine luminously and brilliantly before our eyes, while the mists of anger and hatred that once dimmed them have passed away forever."

Only a few days ago, General Torrance, the Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R., was the guest of Montgomery, and he bears witness, as follows:

"I believe that the men on both sides were actuated by a lofty purpose. They were moved by a sense of duty. * * * Between us there arose some prejudices and some real differences, which could not be settled except by recourse to the Court of War. * * * to that Court we finally resorted.

"When the sun broke through the clouds at Appomatox on that April morning, it shone upon as brave an army as ever trod the earth. It shone upon an army that surrendered without a stain of dishonor. It surrendered to a magnanimous leader who refused to take the sword of General Lee. It surrendered to an army that filled the earth with cheers not of victory, but of gratitude that the great struggle was over."

This reconciliation is shown not only in public utterance, but in the kind deeds of private life. Not long since, in this city, a Union soldier died in poverty; a Confederate Veteran's Camp took charge of his body, laid it to rest with a decent burial, firing the Confederate salute over his grave. This is but one of the many illustrations that might be presented from either side.

And on the part of the North every day brings assurance in the kindly expression and effort for higher and more liberal education at the South, by such men as George Foster Peabody, Andrew Carnegie, Robert C. Ogden, Dr. Albert Shaw, Dr. Curry, Mr. Villard, and John D. Rockefeller, and many others whose names are more than worthy of my honorable mention, would time permit, and of whose munificence we are now the beneficiary.

A PRACTICAL REMEMBRANCE.

The Confederate veteran needs not only a patriotic remembrance, but a practical remembrance. The State in the past has done what it could in the way of pensions; yet I regret to

admit that all the Southern States, save West Virginia, Alabama, Mississippi and South Carolina have established Soldiers' Homes, and the State of Missouri, showing a thoroughly just reconciliation, maintains two Soldiers' Homes, one for the disabled Union Soldiers, and for one for his Confederate brothers. I trust Alabama, at an early session of its Legislature, will provide a Soldiers' Home, or assist in the maintenance of such as may be established by the Camps of Confederate Veterans.

SOLDIERS' HOMES.

It is a source of gratification that, if the State and the patriotism of her people, have not provided Soldiers' Homes, the Confederate Veteran, with that same courageous persistence and adherence to duty that placed his name with the Immortals, has undertaken this provision for himself.

And what is more fitting than that it be located near the center of the State! That public-spirited veteran, Col. J. M. Falkner, and the camp bearing his name, has located and began a home at Mountain Creek, near this city; and we now trust that the day is not far distant when the needy Confederate Veteran in Alabama will not eke out a scant existence on an insufficient pension, or be humiliated by his stay in the County Poor House, but that a commodious Soldiers' Home may claim her own.

IN NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOMES.

Practical beneficence is one of the surest tests of sincerity; and a few years ago in Atlanta, when Mr. McKinley stated that the time was not far distant when the Federal Government would care alike for the graves of Union and Confederate soldiers, his sentiment was echoed by a nation's heart.

It is a sacred sentiment to care for the graves of the gallant dead, but a nobler sentiment and more sacred duty to care for the needs of the living. The world too often pays debts when it is too late; seeks by doing a deferred justice to comfort a broken heart, to give color and life to the famished corpse. Let us remember that the violet is sweeter to the living than a cargo of roses on the bier of the dead. That the much needed daily bread and plain apparel timely given is sweeter charity than any eloquent funeral oration; and that the kindly shelter of a roof, which the old Confederate Soldier could call his home by the right of his former service, would be more protecting than any mausoleum climbing to the skies.

I note the introduction in Congress of a bill by Hon. John F. Rixey of Virginia, that Soldiers' Homes supported by the Government be established in the South for ex-Confederates, and State Homes here receive the same financial assistance as at the North and West for Union soldiers. In his splendid argument on the question, Mr. Rixey says: "We do not suggest or ask this as a charity, but as an act of justice, equality and right, just as we insisted, when the South re-entered the Union, that the Confederate soldier should have the ballot, with the right to hold office. In this light, I, as a Southern Representative, not only suggest, but demand it." And from the "other side of the House," the Hon. Washington Gardner of Michigan, taking a broad view of the subject, endorsing it, concludes his remarks in the following language:

"The gentleman from Virginia may be criticised now for his advocacy of the proposition, but the time will come when he will be commended for his sagacity. I speak only for myself when I declare that if it is a choice between the two, beautiful as the sentiment is, it were better to feed the hungry and shelter the living Confederates than to care for the graves of the immortal dead."

I regret that opposition to the measure comes from Southern members. This is the argument they use: "The Confederate soldier, still surviving, though poor, has lost none of his self-esteem. He risked all and lost all in the great conflict between the States save his honor. This is dearer to him than the laurel wreath that crowns the victor's brow. He cannot accept anything in the shape of charity, except it be the offering of those who shared his perils and triumphs and defeat in the great conflict."

In their plenty, these gentlemen (who I fear do not give too much of their salary for his support), forget that they would measure the *needy* Confederate Soldier with a standard by which they do not measure themselves, enjoying the comforts of their large salary from a re-united Union. Do not erect a false and ideal standard for the *needy* Confederate Veteran *alone* to live by! *Do not compel him to live the life of the martyr! Jefferson Davis did this for him that he may be spared for the future.*

In the consideration of this question, it should not be overlooked that the Confederate soldier in the discharge of his duty helped to write into the law that which Washington and Jefferson, what Jay and Hamilton, or any other patriot could not put into a Constitution; he showed what Clay, Calhoun and Web-

ster, what Hill, Yancey and Toombs, and what orators, North and South, had not impressed on the minds and hearts of the people; he demonstrated that which Marshall, Taney and Chase or any other jurist could not show; for the determined stand and courageous insistence on the side of the North and on the side of the South, gave actual demonstration which carried conviction to every part of this country, that the Union could and would withstand disintegration from within, regardless of conflicting sectional views; would expel external aggression or interference; and the result taught the world of the strength of the American System. These were questions above the decisions of patriots, jurists and law-givers; and unfortunately could only be settled by the wager of battle. Does not Mr. Hay recognize this, when, in his memorial of President McKinley, he uses this language: "There is no event since the nation was born which has so proved its solid capacity for self-government. Both sections share equally in that crown of glory. They had held a debate of incomparable importance, and had fought it out with equal energy. A conclusion had been reached, and it is to the everlasting honor of both sides that they each knew when war was over, and the hour of lasting peace was struck."

BUILD PEACE MONUMENTS.

It is said that "Upon the plains of Abraham, one single monument has been erected to commemorate the valor and the death of Wolfe, who led the victorious English, and of Montcalm, who commanded the vanquished French." By a special in Tuesday's Advertiser, we are told that New York State will erect on Lookout Mountain, a Peace Monument, with a towering shaft to be cut from the granite mountains of Tennessee; about its base will be a colonade of smaller shafts, and statutes representing color-sergeants, and each holding his respective flag; on the base will be engraven a description of the battle of Lookout Mountain, written from both Union and Confederate standpoints. The people of the great State of Tennesseet will thank the Empire State for this thought and generosity; the brother at the South thanks the brother at the North for coming to understand that each side fought bravely in a Civil War, and not in a war of rebellion. It is well to speak to coming generations of our great deeds, in the cold but eloquent marble shaft; it were better still to teach the living the nobler lessons of brotherly love and Christian forgiveness by the doing of magnanimous acts of kindness, and making the test of sincere sectional reconciliation by practical

beneficence. This will need no enduring brass or towering marble to speak to the homes, the firesides and the hearts of listening ages, searching for truth. Let, then, the United National Soldiers' Home be erected in the South as the truly eloquent Peace Monument. And, in the language of Mr. Rixey: "Will not Congress at this great distance from the close of that great struggle rise to this plane, and remove the barrier which stands across the path of the private soldier, leading to justice, equality, peace and brotherly love?"

CONCLUSION.

Mr. Chairman:—We have come not only to speak to the living but hold high converse with the mighty dead. To witness deeds of sublime heroism, the sacrifice of self on the shrine of principle, to join the

> "Choir invisible
> Of those immortal dead,"

who, from the distant shore of Fame, gives back in burning eloquence words for nobler aspiration and good cheer; while at the same time, sweeping the most unfortunate of the unfortunate o'er Reason's heavenly lyre, that we may learn to submit to the arbitration of Him who said "And the greatest of these is charity." Uncharitable men at the North! uncharitable men at the South! throw open wide the windows of your souls that the flood tide of "Peace on earth and good will towards men" may deluge selfish motives and petty strifes, that you may partake of the sweets of reconciliation, and drop a tear of love and regret upon the grave of the unfortunate past.

Soon the North will gather around the graves of her heroes to pay respect to their memories, and thus honoring your honored dead, we honor you the more, for they also are our countrymen. "But, alas! for both sections we each have sons whose ashes repose in the land of the stranger!" Their graves should not be neglected by us. With an impartial hand we must place thereon symbols of the snow-white robes for which they put off the Blue and the Gray, and, changing the battle cry, went up with glorious halleluiahs to the God of Battle.

But here and there over this Union, in each graveyard, are one or two newly-made graves—the last home of him who "Remembered the Maine," and volunteered at his country's call. They, too, must not be forgotten—for those graves are monuments not only to a union of States, but to a union of hearts and sympathies of a people.

From the early dawn of Christendom, woman has ever been true to the cause she espouses and the faith she reposes. She was the faithful of the disciples at the Agony of Cavalry, and the first to seek for the Master in Joseph's Tomb. And from that day till now, in every civilized nationality, she knows her great work and lovingly does it. In civil war with her industry, her courage and her prayers, she urged the soldier to duty; in time of peace, she cherishes the sacred memory of his glorious deeds, and sees that the heritage is given to posterity.

On this balmy April day, we join with fair and lovely woman, who, with a peculiar divinity, fought bravely in war, but reigning gloriously in peace, and who now comes with a generous and patriotic heart aglow with Christian love and gentleness, and places upon the manly breasts of somebody's darlings wreathes of florescent beauty and purity, bound together with tender thoughts of absent loved ones made sacred by earnest prayerfulness, and bedewed by the pearly raindrops of her soul.

What a fitting opportunity to quench forever the fire of hatred and prejudice, if such a flame still consumes the heart; to extend a more cordial hand of friendship to those who once cast at our feet the gage of war, and swear over the grave of the unfortunate past to array united effort against the enemies of home and country.

Now, my countrymen, all our animosities being forgotten, we will henceforth deliberate for the common good. The forgiving hand has been extended and accepted, the North and South of 1861 are synthesized into a more perfect union, and an Isaiah or an Elijah is not required to tell her future's brightness. Even now I see her seated on the throne of success, upon her brow is religion's crown resplendent with the many gems of education, her robe is of spotless truth, bound about the waist with National fidelity, encased are her feet in slippers that tread the paths of Rectitude; on her right hand sits the symbolic Eagle holding in its beak a scroll upon which is written: "The peoples' rights are ever respected," while in her left is the holy wand of Justice extended protectingly over a surging multitude—pilgrims of every nationality. This is but a negative of our country's future picture. We are all the artists to assist in its development. And may the God of Abraham and may the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob watch lovingly over our labors.

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